

THE
Search after Claret;
OR, A (Richard Amnes)
VISITATION
OF THE
VINTNERS
A
P O E M
In two CANTO'S.

The second Edition.

*Doubtless the Pleasure is as great
In being Cheated, as to Cheat.*

London, Printed for E. H. [illegible] 1784.

Search after Claret;

O R A

VISITATION

O R T H E

VINTNERS

A

P O E M

IN TWO CANTOS

THE FIRST CANTO

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T H E

Epistle Dedicatory.

TO all Lovers, Admirers and Doters on Claret,
(Who tho' at Deaths-Door, yet can badly forbear it)
Who can Miracles credit, and fancy Red-Port
To be Sprightly Puntack, and the best of the sort.
To all Mornings-draught Men, who drink bitter Wine,
To Create a false Stomach against they'r to Dine.
To all Tavern-kitchen Frequenters and Haunters,
Who go thither to hear Mistrefs Cooks foolish Banters,
To Partake of a Dumpling, or Sop in the Pan;
A Large Rummer Drank up, troop as fast as they can.
To all sober Half-Pint Men, and serious Sippers.
To all old Maudlin Drinkers, and 12 a Clock Bibbers,
To all Drinking Committees, Knots, Clubs, Corporati-
Who while others are snooring, they'r settling the Nations (ons
To all the brisk Beau's who think Life but a Play,
Who make Day like the Night, and turn Night into Day.
To all Lovers of Red and White-Port, Syracuse,
Barcelona, Navarr, or Canary's sweet Juice.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*To all Drinkers of Sherry, Old Hock, or Moselle,
Or of Tent, which soon teaches the Flesh to Rebel,*

To all Alicant-Tasters, and Malaga-Sots. (Pot)

To all Friends to Straw-Bottles, and Nicking Quart

To all Bacchus his Friends, who have Taverns frequented

This following Poem

Is Humbly Presented

A
S A T Y R
ON THE
VINTNERS.

C A N T O I.

From keeping our *Christmas*, nor far from *Tom Jolly's*
Where innocent Mirth without Gambals and Follies,
Where a plentiful Table, and strong humming Liquor,
Serv'd to lengthen the Days, and make Night pass the quicker,
Half-tyr'd with that Friendship and Kindness was Thown,
My Friend and my Self then resolv'd for the *Town*,
To Drink, since our Stomachs both crav'd and could bear it,
A *Bottle* of good Old Dry Orthodox *Claret* ;
VVe call'd not at *Bow*, least all things should not hap-well,
And stopt not to Drink till we came to *White Chappel*.

B.

VVhere

(2)

I.

Where the first House we entred was honest *Tom. C—ser,*
And planting our selves within one of his Boxes;
VVe Order'd the Drawer to call for our *Friend,*
If a Glass of good *Claret* to us he'd commend;
He smild at our Question, and shaking his Noddle,
He told us *by Tea and by Nay* not a *Bottle*;
But if we would call for a Glass of *Red Port,*
He'd afford us the best, or be paid nothing for't;
But our thoughts with his *Canting* not able to wrastle,
Declining his Motion we went to the *Castle.*

II.

Where it seems a top plentiful dose of *Canary,*
Which some Butchers had Drank for to make themselves Merry,
Had by Liberal *Bumpers* quite spoil'd the design,
And made them all mad by their Drinking much *Wine*;
But seeing they all were ingag'd *Snicker-Snee,*
We thought fit to march off, and keep our skins free.

III.

At the *Crown,* of good *Claret* we sure were to fail,
Which like the *Inn Drink* was half Mild and half Stale.

IV.

At *P—points* we call'd, but what e're was the matter,
His *Magpye* had long since forgotten to chatter,
And no wonder at all he had laid by his Note,
When of *Claret*—
He had not a drop for to moisten his Throat.

Throug

Through *Allegiance* then passing, we stop at the *Mitre*,
 Where *Young Married Couples* to make their Hearts lighter,
 Take a jolly brisk Glass to embolden 'em to say
 That very hard Chapter, *for ever and for Aye*.
 But the Drawers and S——th were so busie in Burning
 Of *Red and White-Port*, for the *Bridegroom's* returning.
 That they had no leisure (such mischief was left)
 If they had any *Claret*, t'have drawn in a Pint.

VI.

At the *Crown* we expected to find a good Draught,
 But minding two Drawers who whisper'd and laugh'd
 When we askt for Old *Claret*, we soon chang'd our Notes,
 And spending no Pence, bid good Morn Mr. C——.

VII.

We'd have call'd at the *Rose*, but we had a suspicion,
 (As wishing does sometimes exceed a fruition)
 That if we attempt'd to taste of his *VVine*,
 'T would have a Complexion like that of the Sign.

VIII.

At the *Griffin and Hoop* we were farther to seek,
 For *Claret* to them was as barbrous as *Greek*;
 Of *Red and White-Port* in their Vaults was no lack,
 But by *Bacchus* they had not a drop of *Puntick*;
 Sure *Papery* will now be the *A-la-mode* Fashion,
 When the *Vintners* can swallow *Transubstantiation*,
 And the *VVine* that was *French* about six Months ago,
 Has quite chang'd its nature, and's no longer so

IX.

They whose Faith can a *Winners* absurdities swallow,
May take Scarlet for Blue, or Crimson for Yellow;
For when for Old *Claret* we ask'd Mr. S—bs,
The Devil a drop could we find in his *Tubs*.

X.

The *King's Arms* by its odd Situation and Bar,
Did so like an *Assian* Tavern appear,
That to tast of their *Wines* we were almost afraid,
And so crossing the Kennel went to the *Naggs-Head*.

XI.

Not *Rome* for its Building was ever more famous,
Or the late Times for *Juries*, they call'd *Ignoramus*,
Than was that for *Claret*; but ah! how we rue it,
Tan jam Seges nunc est, u-bi Troja fuit.

XII.

At our Friend *Jacob Fr——klins* we thought to have found,
Such *Claret* as would a dull *Stoick* confound;
But our *Friends* in this Cause with the *VVicked* will joyn,
He had no *Claret* (plainly) but he had *Port-Wine*,
By which it appears like Noon day to the Eye,
Tho' *Saints* may not Swear, they're permitted to Lie.

XIII.

The *Mermaid* who swims in the *VVaves* of brisk *Claret*,
Complains her Complexion no longer can bear it,
Since which time in the Stream of *Oporto* she glides,
Forgetting she ever knew *Boudaurs* swift Tides;

Yet

(55)

Yet it looks something odd, and a kin to a Trance,
That *Lewis* of Cornhill, scorns *Lewis* of France.

XIV.

In some place of his Vaults that resemble a Church,
One would think *Peter W.* fills his *Claret* did Lurch,
But he swears that his Tuns are as empty of any,
As a bit Country Cully is empty of Mony;
Besides he produces a *Musket* for's sake,
What in *Cheapside* was *Claret's*, now turn'd to *Red Port*.

XV.

What resemblance the *Ship* and the *Castle* may bea,
To *Ships* floating on *Clouds*, or to *Castles* in *Air*,
We know not, but this we are sure of, 'tis plain,
Their *Clarets* are perfectly *Leigerdeman*.

XVI.

By *St. Gregory's* Slippers we thought not to miss
Of a *Glass* of *Pantuck* at the *Sign* of the *Fluss*,
But he solemnly swore by the *Saints* of his Name,
For this twelve Months he had not a drop of that same.

XVII.

Who ever was formerly Bit by the *Bea*,
Serve'd as use of *Instruction* to make us take care;
For when ever the *Soul* of a *Vintner* is fled,
In his *Cellers* a strange *Interregnum* succeed,
Reds quarrel with *Whites*, and *Canary* with *Both*,
If this be not so, give the *Cosier* his Oath;
However for decency sake they are civil,
Yet with *Widows* *Wine-Cellers* the *Drawers* play the *Devil*.

XVIII.

He must surely have more than the *Brains* of a *Man*,
Who at *Change-time* can suffer the noise of the *Swan*.

(62)

A Half Flask of Red-Port, a Pint of Canary,
A Quart of Old Flock, and a Bottle of Sherry;
Are the noises the Drawers do make e'ery minute ;
If this be not pleasing the Devil is in it.
Let me Drink with my Friend without noise or a throng,
Here all in Confusion's plaid all the year-long.

XIX.

Looking at the King's Head, and observing the Sign,
We suspected to find but effeminate Wine ;
For the Painter had drawn him a Caesar in Dress,
With an Amazons Hair, and a Womanish Face.,

XX.

Whatever Devotion we pay to the Sign,
Of Popes Head, 'tis be sure for the sake of his Wine ;
But his Tenant was lately Casheir'd for an ill-son,
And he hopes that the Caps. proves better than Will—n,
To which end all his Wines that from France lately came,
Are to be Re-bapriz'd with a more Christian Name.

XXI.

At his Door with a Rummer we found Neddy Dr——ner,
And perceiv'd by his looks that he was a Complainer.
We whisper'd in's Ear, and desir'd (could he spare it) —
To let us have a Bottle or two of old Claret ;
He started as frighted to hear our Demands,
And answer'd, why Gentlemen (holding up's Hands)
D've koew what you mean ? Let me die like an Ass,
If this twelve-month I've seen, smelt, or tasted a Glas.

XXII.

We shook our Heads at him, and crossing the way,
At the Globe we attempted another Essay ;
When we askt for old Claret, the Drawers were enchanted,
And we for our parts thought the Mansion was Haunted,

(7)

So leaving the Tavern in study profound,
We concluded indeed that the Globe was turn'd round,

XXIII.

At the *Mitre* we call'd in, and walking the Entry,
Spy'd a Soldier in Habit much unlike a Centry,
Who spewing, did in his short intervals say,
Pox take your Red-Port, and so Reel'd on his way,
We soon took the hint from his Stomach's Alarms;
They'r wise gain Experience by other Mens Harms.

XXIV.

Half vext to be baulk't in our pious design,
At the *Birds with long Bills*, vainly strove to get in;
For a Croud at the Door 'bout a Man that was Prest,
Deny'd our Admittance and yet spoil'd no Jest;
For we fancied that Tavern was like all the rest.

XXV.

At the *Rose* we no sooner had come to the Bar,
But a sawcy Whelp askt if Arrested we were;
We esteem'd this Affront, as provoking as any,
Kickt his Arse, and went out without spending a Penny.

XXVI.

We lookt in at the *Ship* and found the Boys idle,
And it seem'd unto us but a kind of a Riddle,
That a Vessel which only was fit to vend *Brandy*,
Should pretend to sell *Wines*, ay, and those good as can be:
Besides, when we thought of a late Declaration;
Which was there hatcht in order to settle the Nation;
We declin'd going in, lest at once we should lose,
Both our Health and our Credit by entering the House.

XXVII.

At the *Feathers* we call'd to see honest *Paul C*—
Who was treating himself with a Glass of *Candy*;

What, *Paul*, says my friend, dost thou *Abdicate Claret* ?
 Of all mankind I thought you could never forbear it;
 He reply'd, once my *Vaults* had a plentiful Crop,
 But since my last Journey the Devil a *Drop*.

XXXVIII.

At the *Bull-head* Arriv'd, we'd have call'd to see *V——rs*,
 But observing how *Collicies* and *Cracks* flockt by Pairs
 To the House, as the *Unclean Beasts* did into the Ark;
 We were certain we then had mistaken our mark.

XXIX.

At the *Shepherd* when boldly for *Claret* we askt,
 He told us he'd very good *Florence* was Flaskt ;
 We smil'd at the wit of the pleasant *Drawcanfir*,
 And thought it was much such a pertinent answer,
 As if I should ask a Man where he does dwell ?
 And he tells me his *Wife* and his *Children* are well.

XXX.

At the *Nags-head* of good we were sure to despair,
 When we spy'd a young *Female* asleep at the *Bar*,
 When the *Inches* of *Candles* were twinkling in *Soekets*,
 And the *Drawers* stood yawning with hands in their *Pockets*,

XXXI.

At *Mat. F——lers* the fam'd *Tory Tavern* then calling,
 Where the *Drawers* were all of them *Hoarse* with their *Bawling*.
 When of delicate *Claret* we askt for the best,
 We were rold, with that Juice his *Vaults* once were oppress'd,
 But they had not a *Drop* since the *Prentices Feast*.

XXXII.

Thus finding our wishes all come by mishap,
 Went to House with the sign of *Prelatical Cap*,
 And asking for *Claret*, the Master returning
 This answer, for want on's his *Tuns* were in *Mourning* ;

We presently knew he had found out the Knack,
VVith *Red-Port* to supply all his wants of *Portack*.

XXXIII.

To *Paul's Church-Yard* hasting, 'mong *Drapers*, *Chair-Makers*,
VVhereof some are *Christians*, and others are *Quakers*.

VVé call'd in at *Pea—ls*, and askt him the *Question*,
But he told us his *VVine*, tho' it had the *Complexion*,
VVas no more *Bordeaux Claret*, than *Blawn* could be taken,
Or by any one thought to be *Common* or *Bacon*.
Besides, his *Guests* long since did's *Claret* devour,
By drinking of *Healts* to th' *Bishops* i'th *Tower*.

XXXIV.

Then *Crossing* the way we *stept* to *Tom. A—lls*,
But he swore by *Stains-Bridge* that he had but *six Gallons*
Of *Claret*; and they of his *Trade* were all *Block-heads*,
If of that, of *Red-Port* they made not *six Hogsheds*.

XXXV.

At the *Captains* we thought t' have found that which was good,
But he told us in short, 'twas a *Wonder* he shou'd;
For the *French Wine* he bought, and paid ready *Cole* for't,
E're it came into *Cornhill* 'twould all of't be *Port*.

XXXVI.

Then passing through *Ludgate* we *stept* to the *Widows*,
Who a very kind *Welcome* obligingly bid us;
But old *St—re* assur'd us, of rich *Claret Wine*,
Their *Tuns* were as empty as those of the *Sign*.

XXXVII.

Just crossing, we came to the *Vulture and George*,
Where just 'gainst the entrance, in *Bar* that was large,
Daniel En—r appear'd with a *Presence* as Noble,
As if he were *Visier* at *Constantinople*.

When we askt him for *Claret*, he had not a Drop,
 For the *New River Water* Man drank it all up;
 Tho the Riddle it self we could hardly Divine,
 How the Dealers in *VVater* should Drink so much *Wine*.

XXXVIII.

Passing over *Fleet-Bridge*, still on that side the way,
 We resolv'd at the five *Bells* a visit to pay;
 When we askt him for *Claret*, he vow'd not a drop,
 For he had in *Lavender* laid it all up,
 Resolving for no man to draw off a Gill on't,
 Till by Law he could let all his Guests have their fill on't;
 His obstinate Humour we well could not weather,
 So stept cross the way for to call at the *Feather*.

XXXIX.

But how much surpriz'd were we, both for to find,
 The Birds flown, who had yet left their *Feathers* behind.

XL.

To the *Castle* we went, and for *Gt——ver* inquir'd,
 And a Glass of *Old Claret* we humbly desir'd;
 But he vow'd he had none on't what ever we'd pay,
 For 'twas all on't Drunk up last *Ocellus* day.

XLI.

At the *Greyhound* we call'd, and did *Claret* demand,
 But the *Drawers* or did, or would not understand;
 Sir we've *Florence*, *Old Hock* Sir, or very good *Port*;
 Have you so (says my Friend) then to make you some sport,
 Mix your *VVines* all together, and when they are thick,
 Add some *Gunpowder* to 'em and give 'em *Old-Nick*.

XLII.

To the *Globe* we then marching just over the way,
 VVe found *Drawers* engag'd in Blood, *Battle*, and *Fray*;

(1)
So thinking that *Claret* we there should find none.
Turn'd our backs to the Bar, and advanc'd to the *Sun*.

XLIII.

When the *Captain* it seems, to his thoughts recommending;
The threatening loud storm o're the *Winters* impending;
Discreetly resolves for to leave off betimes,
And not to be Partner of other Mens Crimes,
Will Retire to the Country, and Live free from Strife,
The wisest of Actions he did in his Life.

XLIV.

At the *Horn* we were welcom'd with so much *Address*,
As if we were persons of highest Nobles;
But when our demands had arriv'd at their Ears,
By their Looks we soon read their suspicions and fears;
For *Informers* they took us, but we well assur'd,
That this was a Grievance not fit t' b' indur'd,
Call'd 'em all Sons of Batchelors, Panders and Whores,
And so in a Passion went both out of Doors.

XLV.

When at the *Green Dragon* we askt for some *Claret*,
Us as if we were *Camels* the Drawers did stare at;
They told of good *Port* we were sure not to fail,
But we fearing the Sting it might have in the Tail,
Declin'd it. —

XLVI.

— And so to the *Fleece* next advancing,
We heard such confusion of Singing and Dancing;
And not willing to follow so loud an Example,
Nere stept in, but crost over the way to the *Temple*.

XLVII.

Where *Wass* — like the Swifs of his Family stood,
We whispr'ing in's Ear for a Bottle of *Good*;

VVhy Gentlemen, says he, observe but my Sign;
And you'll ne're think I sell *Anti-Christian Wine*.

XLVHL

VVe had call'd at the *Hoop*, but the Door was shut fast,
And we heard the poor *F—nch* had just warbled his last;
In some places we spend what in others we get,
So the *Honse* and the *Widow* are both to be *Les*.

XLIX

At the *Captains* we hope't to have met with a Glass,
(But sometimes we wish for what ne're comes to pass)
He assur'd us of *Claret* he had not a Gill;
But of *Delicate Florence* we might have our fill;
And could he find *Claret* he'd give nothing for't;
So we left the *Bull-head*, cause his Horns were so short.

L

At the *Head* of Old Jolly Gruff great Codpeic'd *Harry*,
VVe expected to find out a Glass to be Merry;
But the name of *Puntack* was forgotten and Dead,
And strange *Barcelona* now Reign'd in his stead;
VVithal such a noise was still made at the Bar,
Of *Florentine* Flasks, and full Quarts of *Navar*;
Let me Dye of the *Pip*, or my Mistress scorn,
If I did not suppose that I was at *Leghorn*.

LI

VVe were crossing the way at the *Star* for to call in,
But alas! we perceiv'd the *Bright Meteor* was fallen,

LII

At the the *Queens-head* the Porters were letting down *Wines*,
And at the *Ropes*, stumbling, my Freind hurt his Shins;
This as an ill Omen supposing, refus'd,
VVithin with bad VVine to be doubly abus'd.

By the noise of *Port, Port*, which the Drawers all made,
One would guess the *Three Inns* had a thundering great Trade;
But *Clares* was *Hebrew* and *Greek* to their Ears,
Tho' they know it as well as they do their Neck Verse.
He does all th' occasions of doubting prevent,
That's Cheated and Bubbled by's proper consent.

LIV.

At *Fem*—ks the Son of a Parson so civil,
Who lives at the sign of the *Junior Devil*;
We askt for a Bottle of you know what Juice,
But he told he'd oblige us with rare *Syracuse*;
Syracuse quoth my Friend! what a Devil is that?
For as sure as my Brains now lie under my Hat,
It may be *Aqua-Portis*, or else I may lye.
Pox take your hard name Sir, and so Sir good Bu'y.

LV.

At the *Young-Devil* failing, we went to his *Dam*,
But as soon as in sight of the Bar we were came,
A Drawer Officially shews us a Room;
We told him immediately for what 'twas we come;
He started as if a pale Ghost he had seen,
Lord Gentlemen! pray you explain what you mean:
My Friend had explain'd it, I faith on his Pate,
If by my interposing I hindred not that;
But because I desir'd him for once to be civil,
He concluded with Heaven keep us from all evils;
But send you all quickly, from whence we go, the Devil.

Thus finding the Vintners, some Swearing, all Lying,
And that no Man in's Wits would their words e're rely on;
Failing to find out a Glass of good *Clare*,
Tho' we thought 'twas no Virtue all times to forbear it;
Finding all our Endeavours, our Hopes, Wishes fail,
We concluded the Evening with *Nottingham Ale*,

E

Resolv.

(Dispatching some business) to London for Punnett.

CANTO. II.

W Ilt morning arriv'd, where Men Ply for their Fares,
We took *Cabs*, and were Landed at *Parliament-Stairs*;
Having finish'd our Business in *Westminster-Hall*,
Where the Lawyers do *Billinggate* loudly out-bawl.

At the *Bufflers-head* first we propounded the question,
But the Master o' th' House was such a mo—dest one;
He believ'd that there was not a Drop in the Nation,
For 'twas all on't drunk up at the *Last Coronation*.

II.

At the *Fountain* then looking, we lik'd not the *Sign*,
For *Hedge Taverns* have commonly none but *Fledge-Wines*.

We'd have call'd at the *Bell*, but were told by a *Scout*,
That the *Clapper* for several Months has been out.

As we entred the *Sea* with a grave *Spanish* pace,
Met a Man in the Entry was Stew'd in the Face;
But we willing to leave Wilt By other Mens Harms,
Left the House, and directly went to the *King's Arms*.

Who tho they pretended to sell *Red* good as can be,
For rather at any time drink *Every-Drum*.

Where

Where ever the *Swans* may have done in the *City*,
The *Swan* here in *King Street* had sung her last *Ditty*.

Then passing along to the sign of *St. Andrew*,
And expecting to find Wine as good as old *Man Drew*,
But we found that our hopes were all as much mistaken,
As his that took *Surgers* for *Gambols* of *Bacon*.

Then passing *White-hall*, we still came to the *Rummer*,
Which like a *Town* full of rioters every where comers,
But they were so busy in *Draughts* and *Whims*,
That they then had no Room for two thirsty poor Sinners.

At the *Garret* my Friend call'd, for the *King's Head*,
And we both at the *Crown*, and three *Tuns* thought to speed,
Nor omitted to call at the sign *Silver* *Pricks*,
But alas! how some people in *Lying* will *Glory*,
For *Kentners* like *Gypsies* hang all in a *Story*,
And when we demanded a *Glass* of *Pontack*,
Swore they had not a *Drop* if their *Souls* lay at *stake*.

We had call'd at the *Butcher*, but that we both thought,
Our *Friends* Wine and his *Faith* were both equally *naught*.

At the *Lion* the *Master* was thumping the *Back*,
Of a *Drawer*, who at *Bar* by mistake call'd *Butcher*,
Naming the word is so *Criminal* thought,
The *Kentners* their *Hogs* in a fine *Market* have brought.

XVI.

Had we drank at the *Closet*, as Physick could bar
From Death, for how little, alas! it would avail us,
To drink Wine in a House that looks so like an *Alc-house*!

XVII. XVIII. XIX.

So pale was the *Rose*, the *Long-Dog* out of breath,
And *Duck-Wang* had crow'd himself almost to Death;
That had we at either of these sought for *Claret*,
VVithout question our wishes had quickly miscarried.

XX.

At the *Sea* we were loath for to moisten our Lips,
For we plainly perceiv'd she was then in *Eclipse*,
And of slow motion her motion did shew.

XXI.

At the sides of *One-Tan* my Friend knockt for a Sign,
But a hollow Voice answer'd, *Pussant's not within*.

XXII.

At the *Beer* when for *Claret* we askt the Drawcanist,
Like the *Sign* he was Muzzled, and gave us no Answer.

XXIII.

VVhen at the *Hill-side* we obscur'd the gay Sign,
VVe expected to find no good *Claret* within;
If the *Wine* be but good, let the *Sign* be a Rush,
For the Learned agree that good VVine needs no Bush.

XXIV.

The Poets who with their Inventions so rack us,
Yet assure us the Goat was acquainted with *Bacchus*;
Yet the Goat in *Strand* had not *Claret* a Drop;
For last Summer the *Bacchus* drank is all up,

XXV.

At *Po—lls* we thought some old *Claret* to try,
But, alas! of that Liquor the *Fountain* was dry;

For since he so lately was fin'd fifty Pound,
 For fetching up *Bottles* from Cellar profound;
 When oblig'd by the Law to Sell VVine in a Quart,
 We found him so fretful, so peevish and short;
 But 'twixt Humour and Purse is a Sympathy found,
 Our Humour's not well if our Purse is unbound.

XXVI.

How briskly the *Feathers* may look; yet we guest
 Their *Claret* (if any) was none of the best.

XXVII.

The *Vine* in the Strand, we observ'd was new Planted;
 And to find no good *Claret* there, took it for granted.

XXVIII.

The Doors of the *Swan*, some by order had clos'd 'em,
 Ere since *Abraham H—lls* went to *Abraham's* Bosom.

XXIX.

When for *Claret* at *Ca—ter*, who lives at the Mitre,
 We askt, she admir'd we came there for to fright her,
 For she had not a Drop, or may *Manner's* Delight her.

XXX.

When at the *Five Bells* we would Ring a short Peal,
 We perceiv'd by some token all things were not well;
 Would grieve a Man thence to receive a sad Fate,
 If I am Poyson'd it shall be in State.

XXXI.

For the *Greyhound*, to call we forbear it,
 Better acquainted with *Ranch* than with *Claret*.

XXXII.

For the *Horse*, so fin'd for the *Consults* and *Poss*,
 Was sworn by *L. Oke*,

We call'd, but he told us he had not a Taft,
For 'twas all on't drunk up at the *Dorsetshire* Feast.

XXXIII.

VWhen we stept in at *Rose* — we heard such distraction,
Of Singing and Gaming; and things sold by Auction,
That the *Tavern* resembled a *Wake* or a Fair,
And hating all noises did soon disappear.

XXXIV.

The *Ship* who of late sprung a Leak in the Main,
Is new Corkt, Trim'd and Lancht in the Ocean agen;
We hawld her and askt if she'd *Clare* Aboard,
But the *Captain* and Ships Crew would not answer a word.

XXXV.

The last *Tavern* we came to, was that of the *Rose*;
At the Door of which stood such a parcel of *Beau's*,
VWho in Eating and Drinking great Criticks commence,
And are Judges of every thing else but of Sense.
VWhen we saw 'em make Faces, and heard one of two *Swear*,
That the VVine was the Devil they lately drank there;
VVerey'd on their word, and ne're stept o're the Ground,
But thought they spoke truth like General Council.

Two days in this Search were away vainly thrown,
And we both of us thinking to find nobby in *Town*;
Then agreed with a *nemine contradicente*,
That since Drinks of our *Englsh* growth was so ple,
VVe all their Brew'd *Wines* would not value a *ke*,
Nor shorten our days by respect to a *Bush*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Any Vintner, Vine-Cooper, &c. between White-Chappel and Westminster-Abby, have some Tuns or Hogs heads of Old, Unadulterated Claret, and will sell it (as the Law directs) six Pence a Quart: This is to give notice, he shall have more money than half his Profession; and his House be as full from Morning to Night as a Conventicle, or Westminster Hall the first day of Term.
